

Western soldiers burn down your town and destroy your own brother alive? No Yankee soldier for me!

John Waterbury, you never saw Captain Adams. If you had, you would see Captain Adams.

"Have fallen in love with him? As I believe in my soul you have done. View, write to him any day! I will mail your letter."

"Thank you, but I can mail my own letters. If Captain Adams wishes to improve his acquaintance with me, he can find the way, I suppose. There's the letter for recitation, Genevieve."

And these two Southern girls, who were affectionate as sisters, went lastly together to the recreation room.

This was Thursday morning. On this day the morning train came a letter from the Hermitage inviting Genevieve to come down Saturday and stay over Sunday with her cousin, Mrs. Chartervale. A cordial invitation was also extended to Genevieve and her cousin, Miss Waterbury, to come also. And so it was agreed to go, Genevieve, who was accustomed to be there, assuring her friend that the Hermitage was a most delightful place, and that Dr. Chartervale was "just splendid," for an old gentleman, and "knew everything."

An hour's ride Saturday morning took them to St. Louis, where they found the doctor and Miss Chartervale awaiting them in their carriage at the Union Depot, and in another hour they were at the Hermitage.

The day was delightful. The Hermitage and all its surroundings were bathed in sunshine, and Miss Waterbury, who was less composed and more effusive than Genevieve, broke into exclamations of delight.

"Oh, View!" she exclaimed, "show me about these entrancing grounds before we go in; you are at home here."

"And shall I not go with you?" said the hearted doctor, "to enjoy the grounds all the more, because I made them entrancing, as you say."

"Thank you, Doctor, if it will be no trouble to you. But I must have a little rest, and this spot is really a pleasant place."

"Nature furnished the foundation certainly," replied the doctor, taking the young ladies one upon each arm; "but when I brought the land around for a seat, I saw the place, the wise one I might say, as I had an old blackhead."

"The place is fit for nothing but a slaughterhouse," they said. I cut it into terraces, leveled here and there, and built up the garden grounds, and now here we have the Hermitage."

And so half an hour was spent in delighted exclamations from the doctor and the delighted explanations from the old philosopher. And the word "delightful" was used adverbially for Dr. Chartervale had the happy power of interesting old and young alike in the old, and to drop fresh thoughts like snowflakes on all subjects, bright and sparkling.

"Now, Genevieve," said the doctor, after the party had gone into the house, "I leave the Hermitage to you. I will be back in half an hour, upstairs, downstairs, in a lady's chamber."

They began at the bottom, and entered the magnificent and lofty drawing room, with its other furniture and many other things, by the specimen of elephant's tooth which had been the subject of Captain Adams' communication, with the letter lying open beside it. Seeing that the doctor had returned, they went to Miss Waterbury's room, where she had read the letter, and she exclaimed in a tone of surprise and with wide-open eyes:

"Oh, View! look here!" And she handed the open letter to Genevieve, who read it with outward composure and a burning cheek, and then said in a tone of evident surprise:

"It is very strange that this gentleman so intelligent as Captain Adams should think it necessary to write two letters for so unimportant an inquiry."

"Perhaps Doctor Chartervale did not choose to reply."

"He always replies to everybody about everything."

"The doctor saw his drift and discouraged him."

"There wasn't much encouragement in the reply to his second letter." (This in a tone of assumed vexation over the white matter, at the same time time they resumed their way.)

"What will you do about it?"

"Nothing. Let us go to the conservatory; you love flowers."

And so they went, and the young ladies loved to go. "Oh, I wish I could see him, View!"

"You called him a Yankee, and you hate Yankees."

"But I just wish to see if he's good-looking."

While the young ladies were passing to the conservatory, Dr. Chartervale slipped quietly into the room they had left, and put Captain Adams' letter into his pocket. He had not seen careful of it, for some reason or other, but Genevieve should not see that letter, but he preferred that it should be out of sight before the captain came to dinner. It might prove embarrassing.

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LOYAL WOMAN'S WORK

Household Hints—Chat With Correspondents—Relief Corps News.

(Continued from Page 1.)

"Take care of the shop and the shop will take care of you," was only another way that Franklin had of saying, as the old Continentals did, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry."

In other words, one must have prudence as well as energy in the successful management of any undertaking, be it great or small. Prudence carries with it a multitude of qualities, and it is a vigilant oversight of even the smallest details. Whether it be the management of a large business, or the simple direction of household affairs, there must be a head in plan as well as a hand to execute.

Prudence is not a merchantable article, to be bought for a price in the market-place, as you would buy paper and coal, and pay for them. Neither is it a peculiar gift, as the talent for music, or art, or invention. It is rather—like the fire that gives heat, or the air that supplies the life-giving principle—the common property of every man and woman born into the world. Like all other points of breeding, it may be strengthened by heredity or by the extent to which it is employed in the individual, but it is simply the life of the cultivation of the voice, the expansion of the muscles, or the development of one of the essential elements in the human organism.

Prudence is a quality which can have small patience with those who are simply content to drift—to let things shape themselves, having no care or thought as to how the outcome will be. It is just as much a part of the life of a woman as the talent for music, or art, or invention. It is rather—like the fire that gives heat, or the air that supplies the life-giving principle—the common property of every man and woman born into the world. Like all other points of breeding, it may be strengthened by heredity or by the extent to which it is employed in the individual, but it is simply the life of the cultivation of the voice, the expansion of the muscles, or the development of one of the essential elements in the human organism.

And yet in just such hap-hazard way is much of the business of the world carried on. Who wonders that the result is bankruptcy, suicide, and social and business demoralization of the gravest kind?

Household affairs are no exception. The same way, and we have in mind more cases than one where the family has assembled around the table only to find out that there was no bread in the house, while all sit around and wait until a bell rings, and then the lady of the house, or some other equally important article of food has been unprovided for the family table. It is just as much a part of the life of a woman as the talent for music, or art, or invention. It is rather—like the fire that gives heat, or the air that supplies the life-giving principle—the common property of every man and woman born into the world. Like all other points of breeding, it may be strengthened by heredity or by the extent to which it is employed in the individual, but it is simply the life of the cultivation of the voice, the expansion of the muscles, or the development of one of the essential elements in the human organism.

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